"Well, my boy, I feel very sorry for you that you have to spend the summer all alone, and your family away," remarked the austere-looking old gentleman to his seatmate as he got off the car.

"Yes, it's too bad about me and my lone liness," said the young man addressed to the fellow who remained beside him. "I think it's plumb dreadful, this thing of wives going away for the summer and leaving a fellow all alone. Now, just see how the day pans out. When I get through work, instead of going home I can drop around to George's and get a highball. I'll be sure to meet some of the boys there and we will go over to Eddie's and get another. Then all of us old summer-widowers hike out to the base ball game and root for the

home team. "Then comes the question of dinner, and it's a lot of fun to decide where to go and what to eat. Something different every night. Dinner is good until 8:30 or 9 o'clo anyhow, what with the stories to be told and the cigars to be smoked. Then we slip up to the club and play billiards until bedtime, and don't have to watch the clock, either, or worry about an indignant wife at the head of the stairs.

Why, to one of us erstwhile sports, who has married and settled down, the most delightful season of the whole year is this lit-tle summertime intermission in marital bliss, when we can get back into the dear old lawless, timeless, irresponsible ways of our sweet and naughty youth, and go home in a night-liner after the cars have stop-

There is an athletic young father out on Mt. Pleasant who is bringing up his only son, a healthy youngster of nearly six, to follow the strenuous life. The other day the young hopeful returned to the house after an afternoon of play with his face pretty generally puffed up and one eye in

"Tommy Jones," he explained to his dad, "said you drank like a fish because his papa said so, and I punched him."

"That's right, my son," said the proud and strenuous father, who was a pretty swift proposition once, but who is trying to live it down. "That's right, my son. Whenever you hear any of your boy friends saying anything about me, it doesn't matter what it is, punch him good for me. That will teach their parents not to say such things.

About a week later the young hopeful came home to dinner in a worse plight than before. "Just like the other time," he explained to his dad, "only it was Johnny Smith this time."

"What did he say?" asked the strenuous "Why, he said you had settled down and

was a credit to the city because his mother told him so," replied the six-year-old. "And what did you do?" asked the strenuous parent, with a sudden sinking fe "Called him a liar and punched him in the nose," replied the boy proudly. And he wondered all that evening how it was he just managed to escape a licking through his mother's interference. \* \* \* \*

There is a young man in Washington who has to do a great deal of work in his office at night. He is a happily married youth, or he was at any rate. Frequently his wife comes down to the office at night, watches her husband toil and then they get a late bite to eat and go home together.

Now it happened a few weeks ago that the young married man was absent for about a month from the office and during that time his desk was used by a gay young bachelor in the same department. That was all right too. But here is where there appeared a small cloud on the horizon. The bachelor has more girls than a cat has lives, and one of his latest additions to his coilection of feminine photographs was a kodak picture of a very sweet and winsome maiden in a bathing suit posed on the beach at Atlantic City or some of the other coast

When he got through using the desk and moved back to his own corner of the room, he inadvertently, or otherwise, left the pic-ture sticking in a back corner of his office mate's desk. Neither of them noticed the picture. A few nights ago the wife of the man who owns the desk dropped in to wait for her husband and incidentally to rum-mage around as women will in his belongings on the desk. The first thing he knew while he was busy at work in another part of the room, he was greeted by the inquiry from his better half:

By the way, how is Grace?" Now this innocent young man don't know anybody by the name of Grace. At least if he did he could not recall it at the moment, and he looked up puzzled to find his wife with the incriminating photograph in her hand, and worst of all to find that there was written on the back of it a line, name

With love from Grace."
What was the use in trying to make any explanation under the circumstances? There was no use and the man in question was wise enough not to attempt it. But when that other fellow gets back from his vacation he is going to be invited over to supper at the other man's house and he will have to do some explaining or suffer the consequences.

The "week-enders" were off for their tw days in the country. In the party was a dear little lady of twenty or so. It just happened that the lady missed her luncheon in town and chased off for the train, carrying with her the pangs of hunger. The moss-grown village which boasted of this attractive miss as a summer resident lies snugly in the shade of the Blue Ridge, quite a journey from the hot and noise

some city. The lady's hunger increased as Washington disappeared in the dim distance. Then she had an idea.

"Mr. Conductor," she called, "is there any station along the road where I might get a sandwich or something?" The conductor guessed there was, and it was a treat to see the smile which im-

bedded itself in the dear lady's face. She watched the time table for the station with the lunch room and when the train approached it she was all excitement. Hurrying to the platform she touched the ground the moment the train stopped.

There was the lunch room, and the lady "Have you any sandwiches?" she in-

quired of the sleepy gent who was sitting in a chair behind the counter. The sleepy gent acknowledged that he had a sandwich for sale. "Well, let me have one please," said the lady. The proprietor rolled his eyes up-

blue chiffon.

slightly upturned nose.
"I would prefer to do both," said she, coldly. "It would be unpleasant to eat it here and then not be permitted to take it away with me.' The sleepy individual handed out the sandwich and the lady did the rest. Up to date the proprietor has not caught the

ward toward the vision of blonde hair and

"Will you eat it here or take it with

you?" he asked drowsily. The lady's smile gave way to a puckered mouth and a

drift of the lady's remarks. \* \* \* \* \*
"Three glasses only for a nickel," was the sign that was prominently displayed in one of those stores where mineral waters and

pure water are sold. The sign referred to the "pure water," as the proprietor explained, and when he was asked if he expected his customers to turn themselves into reservoirs he replied that was exactly what some had been doing, and so he had been obliged to fix a limit. "We have stores all through the country," he said, "and in all of them, including the one in this city, the practice was to

serve as many glasses of certain waters for a nickel as were called for. This is still done in all our stores except the one in this city, and there was no thought of making a change until the situation here became such that it was found necessary to make the Washington store an excep-

"Do you know," he went on, "that men were in the habit of coming in here and drinking eight, ten and twelve glasses of water before they left. In other words, they were getting a quantity of water that we would sell for 40 cents for 5 cents.
"Such extraordinary water drinking was something new in our experience, and in

something new in our experience, and in this respect Washington takes the lead. It is the banner cold-water town in the country, according to our experience." \* \* \* \* "I see by the newspapers," remarked a

naval officer of the old regime to a Star reporter, "that there was a movement in Kansas to prevent the use of wine in the eremony of christening the new big batleship Kansas, launched by the New York Shipbuilding Company at Camden, N. J. That reminds me that Farragut's grand old flagship Hartford was christened with water instead of wine, and that the same course was followed with another of the famous ships of the old navy-the Wabash, which has been doing good service as a receiving ship at the Boston navy yard for many years past.

"When the Wabash was launched at Philadelphia about fifty years ago, she was christened with water from the river bearing the same name. This water was brought to Philadelphia in a decanter by a Phila-delphian who had been temporarily in what was called the 'west' in those days, and who is still alive to tell the tale. The Wabash was a famous ship in her day and arried the flag of Admiral Dupont in the battle of Port Royal. As one sees her to-day she bears little resemblance to the trim frigate she was in her prime.'

"In a recent issue of The Star I noticed an article stating that Russia had set America an example in enterprise by mov-Washington who formerly lived in Minnesota, to a Star reporter the other day. "Butthat statement is not correct. Not even in the moving of whole towns bodily are we outclassed.

"In northern Minnesota there are situated ome of the richest iron mines in the world, and the largest of these are near Evelyth, a thriving, hustling, well-built city of five or six thousand inhabitants. One day it was discovered that the whole foundation of the town was a splendid bed of iron ore. The presence of solid brick buildings and many arge frame structures did not deter th nterprising miners from developing the newly-discovered mine. A new town site was secured, moving contracts were let, and within a comparatively few months a large open mine was being worked on the former site of Evelyth.

"During the process of moving business went on in the banks and stores, boarders still roomed at the hotels, housewives did their household work, and men still 'set 'em pp' in the bar rooms."

"There may be good and bad trusts," said local tobacconist to a Star man yesterday, "but I am ready to assert that if we are to judge the righteous man by his fruits the tobacco trust is distinctly bad. I am not down on the trusts on general principles, as so many people are. I think big corporations in some cases may serve the public in first-class fashion and make money for themselves at the same time. But whenever a combination of separate industries results in giving the public poorer goods for the money expended I take it the result is distinctly bad, because the combination necessarily results in a smaller cost to the pro-

ducer of the goods.

"It is for this reason that I say the to-bacco trust is distinctly bad. Take a 5-cent cigar today. It is not worth smoking. It is no better on an average than a cheroot. Practically the tobacco trust is wholly re-sponsible for the deterioration of the 5-cent moke. You must pay 10 cents nowadays in order to get a cigar worth smoking. Even then you ore not assured of the uniform quality that was formerly given you. I tell you, along every line of tobacco handled by the trust there has been a decided deterioration. And, what is more, the trust gets a bigger profit far than was ever before secured. They get the bigger profit by putting in poorer goods, by cutting the rate of profit that the retailer may make and by reducing their expenses in various ways.

"Why, as an instance of the profit the trust makes from its sales I can cite a trust makes from its sales I can cite a single case of a box of tobacco for which I pay, wholesale, \$1.60, and I am positive that the article does not cost the trust more than That is what I call extortion. The fact that so many people look upo money spent for tobacco as thrown away

anyhow prevents public sentiment being so

greatly worked up over this as it is over

some other of the trusts. But, take my

word for it, the tobacco trust is sapping the

business of all there ever was in it.

SLOW AND SURE.



The man with the peeling nose and the sun-browned hands was leaning against a wire tree-box, a little way down the street from his home, a few evenings ago. He was biting his nails and twisting his mustache and muttering to himself, when one of his male neighbors drifted along. "Why, hello there," said the neighbor.

Rehearsing a speech? When d'je get back from the beach?" "'S evening," replied the man with the

peeling nose, gloomily.

"Don't look as if you had such a merry time, at that," said the neighbor.

"Oh, I had a good enough time, all right," replied the sun-peeled man. "But it was the getting back that curied me up. I'm never going to get real funny again, so I ain't," he added, irrelevantly.

"Well, take a long inhale, and blow it out of your system," said the neighbor. "Let's

have it.' "Happened this way," said the man just back from the sea's verge. "You know, I went down to the beach with Ted Treadsoft, while his wife and my wife went down to a country place in Maryland that they took a fancy to last year, and that they preferred to revisit this year rather than

to accompany us to the beach.
"Ted and I had a pretty fair sort of a time of its down on the boardwalk, but we didn't stretch the limit any, and I guess there wasn't a night we weren't in bed at our hotel by midnight, anyhow. Last week the game began to pall us some, and so we decided to come home today. Our wives had already arrived home from the Maryland country place.

"While we were packing up last night I thought I saw a chance to do a real giddy thing at Ted's expense. He's played a whole lot of funny ones on me in the course of the past ten or fifteen years, and I'd been waiting for a chance to get hunk. This one that I had it in mind to pull off on him looked pretty good to me.
"In a corner of one of the bureau draw-

ers in the room of my hotel I had found, when I first put up there, a pretty niftylooking pair of red silk stockings. While packing up last night I made up my mind that those red silk stockings really ought to form a part of Ted's luggage.

"It looked like the chance of my life to get square with Ted for the numerous tight places he'd mischievously get me into since

places he'd mischievously got me into since we'd been pals. So I went into Ted's room, which adjoined mine, and asked him if he wouldn't hike downstairs to get a time table or something. He knocked off his packing and went

downstairs, and then I slipped that pair of red silk stockings into his trunk-put 'em away down at the bottom of the trunk so's he'd be sure not to find them during his packing. Then I spent about an hour hugging myself over the thought of the look that 'd cross Ted's good-natured chart when his wife unpacked the trunk, and held up to his view that pair of frivolous

"Several times, before we took the train from the beach this morning. I felt so compassionate for Ted, knowing as I did his wife's violent jealousy of him, that I was on the point of telling him about that pair of red silk stockings I'd put in his trunk. Even when Ted shook hands with me at the station when we got into Washington and told me what a bully time he'd had with me, and all that, I came near mellowing up to the point of saving him the trouble I'd fixed up for him. But he hopped an uptown car so suddenly that I didn't get

a chance to.
"Oh, well," sighed the sun-peeled man, mournfully, "it's happened now, but the next time I feel a disposition to become humorous I want somebody to come along with a barrel stave and—"

'Why," put in the neighbor, "is it as bad as all that? Couldn't Ted explain to his wife how it was that the article came—" "Well, maybe Ted could have," replied the gloomy man, leaning his other against the wire tree-box. "But I couldn't. About an hour ago my wife started to unpack my trunk, while I stood by and thought out the amusing letter of explanation I intended to write Ted's wife in the morning, when my wife, with a pallid anger-agitated countenance, held up that pair of red silk stockings and demanded me to explain, and explain quick.
"Ted had made a little switch in the ar-

found the stockings in packing-that's all. "Oh, I got mine all right. I'm waiting for my wife to go to bed now, and then I'll sneak through the basement way. I don't want to break any more blood vessels explaining, and my explanations don't seem to go, anyhow.

### Geronimo.

From Leslie's Weekly.

Only those who have visited Arizona and spoken with the men owning ranches and herding cattle in that vast territory can fully realize the wisdom of President Roosevelt's refusal to grant freedom to Geronimo, the Apache chief. Not many months ago on an Arizona ranch some one mentioned the name of Geronimo, and I asked whether he should not be set free. The question came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and the calm faces of the men suddenly assumed a look of intense hatred, and as a woman caught the question she ceased to sing and drew her child nearer to her bosom. There was a moment's silence, and then came the answer, delivered in a tone I shall never forget:
"Release him; release him by all means,

and give him one hour in Arizona. It is a crime to let that devil die in his bed. That religion business is a sham, because the old feingion business is a snam, because the old fiend will no more change his heart than the leopard will his spots. Let me tell you his last crime around here," and then, while cold chills were chasing each other up and down our spinal columns, we lis-tened with horror to the man's story. "At a ranch two or three hundred miles from here, Geronimo and some of his warriors surprised the ranchman's wife, who was alone with her three little children They flendishly tortured that poor mother to death in a manner too horrible to repeat. Not content with this, they seized the frightened, innocent children and left each one impaled alive on the hooks which were used for drying heef. The father returned used for drying beef. The father returned home in the evening and found one little girl still breathing. She lived long enough to tell the story, and died in the arms of the half-crazed man. Some of that woman's male relatives atill live. Oh was given an's male relatives still live. Oh, yes; give him his freedom by all means, and him to Arizona."

## Tropic Diseases.

From the American Medicine.

A section on tropic diseases in the Amercan Medical Association has been proposed, and the suggestion is of such great importance that it deserves attention. Quite a number of American physicians are now engaged in practice in the tropic zone, not to mention the medical officers of the army, navy and the public health and marine hospital service, and there is scarcely a practitioner in the United States who does not come into contact with patients lately returned from the tropics suf-fering from diseases or conditions marked-ly different from the usual run of his practice. On account of the steadily increasing tropic interests of the United States, it is not too radical to state that a considerable acquaintance with these conditions is a necessary part of the equipment of every physican. Papers on tropic diseases are quite apt to increase in number, and under the present arrangement of the sections. the present arrangement of the sections, they will be unduly scattered, and will not they will be unduly scattered, and will not attract the attention to which they are entitled. If they can all be referred to one section for discussion, by men of special knowledge, the whole profession will be the gainers. Such an arrangement, indeed, will create a demand for papers, and this new brench of medical science will be this new branch of medical science will be properly cultivated. A similar departure in the British Medical Association is quite successful, and is, no doubt, responsible for the rapid advances now being made in the nvestigation of tropic diseases

### Eating Versus Dining.

From the New York World. Joseph Solari's death in California recalls days when New York's best restaurants were not places of ostentation and display, but of good eating and drinking. Solari's, at the northwest corner of 11th street and University place, was then the headquarters for men who really dined, who regarded dinner as an occasion of importance and believed that their gustatory and digestive apparatus was something to be treated with

The test of a dinner nowadays is too often how much it costs, not how good it is. Wines are valued according to the prices on the list. This is more simple in a way, ince it makes every millionaire a conneis-eur. Restaurants like Solari's and Sieg-cortner's and Leblanc's, where the cooking was everything and table decorations and

"It is about time," observed the boxjawed man, with the hard, steely eye, "to take an uppercut or two at that idea which I saw expressed in a newspaper the other day, to the general effect that the glowing game now in progress at Saratoga is a sure indication of the wonderful prosperity of

the country. "The country may be prosperous, all right. I don't know whether it is or not. Here in Washington we're living in a little old dream-spot of a place, where prosperity or the lack of it doesn't joggle us onesixteenth of an inch from our path, one

way or the other.
"We've just about got it framed up here in Washington so that the failure of the peach crop, or the collapse of the wheat belt, or the caving in of the corn section, or the flattening out of the cotton region, or the woes of Kansas, or the miseries of Iowa, or the glooms of any other section don't affect us much worse than the sional tieups of the electric car lines. In this town we all come pretty close to gettings ours, no matter how the game's going in the rest of the United States.

"They tell me that the country's pretty prosperous just now, and I've got to believe it, not having any special means of finding out whether she's prosperous or not. But, my son, you may with perfect safety paste in on the inside of the sweatband of your rough straw lid that what they're doing up at Saratoga these days they're doing up at Saratoga these days isn't a teenchy weenchy little bit of a line on whether the country's prosperous or

"If you were to drag a binocular of ordinary size to the top of a hill overlooking Saratoga and get the proper kind of a focus on the giddy bunch that are making things sizzle up there and keeping the newspapers full of their names, you'd come pretty nigh observing that all of those people have got their little game so charted out that they're prosperous all the time. The coolsome individual and art connois-seur who's getting all of the high-wheel and case-card play in Saratoga claims, if you've noticed, that the amount of topnotch gambling that happens in his garish establishment each year is a dead-certain barometrical indication, so to speak, of the state of the nation's prosperity or the lack of prosperity.
"The coolsome individual is smoking a

poor grade of the poppy.
"The fact that some noted plunger walks into the gambling plant every night and tosses buttons worth \$250 apiece around on the layouts does not for a sure thing show me that the motorman standing on the forward portico of a Saratoga trolley car for \$1.75 per diem, or thereabouts, is breaking his galluses any with too much prosperity. "The fact that some cute boy of a sky-

high horse-bettor lounges up every day to the stool of an adipose bookmaker, and, after a slight cough to indicate how bored he is, says, 'Fifty thousand on that colt of mine, Bum Props, straight,' doesn't prove to me that the section hands mending the tracks of the railroad four miles due west of Saratoga, at the wage-rate of \$1.25 per lunar day, are laughing themselves into early graves over the abnormal prosperity of this land of milk and honey and rum and

When Augie Belmont yawns slightly behind his hand, and then instructs one of his \$15,000-a-year horse trainers that there's a colt over in Jim Keene's barn that he's willing to cough up \$65,000 for, does that go to prove that the carpenter who has to bum his ride on a side-door Pullman to get to a town where he has a chance to earn living wages, is coming in for his end of the rake-off in the country's booming prosperity?

"When me old college chum and polo mate, 'Foxy' Keene, sitting on the porch of his eighty-room 'cottage' at Saratoga, announces to the bunch around him in a tired sort of way that he's just ordered by cable three new pink flends of automobiles, capable of attaining a speed of 318 kilometers an hour on a sandy stretch, does that go to show that the young fellows working as clerks at \$7.50 a week have got any better chance than they ever had to stand off until next Saturday night a landlady pos-

sessed of the evil eye?
"When Mrs. Oh-Fewidge, the beautiful divorcee recently arrived at Saratoga, drives through the thoroughfares of the Spa in a mazarine blue trap, hitched to three horses abreast that cost \$39,500 to match, the auriferous assonance of golden bells jangling from the jewel-set harness as she proceeds along her way, does that give any sign that the one-lunged and half-fed girl, working for eleven hours a day in a carpet factory for \$3.50 a week (not including the state of the state including fines), is tied up to any monumental extent with the mighty chariot of

prosperity? "Because the imperious spouse of I. Snagem, the renowned bookmaker, appears on the lawn of her Saratoga cottage for breakfast every morning wearing \$125,000 worth of diamonds, does that offer any dead cinch of an indication that Nora, who dead cinch of an indication that Nora, who swabs down the second tier of steps in the United States Hotel at 4 o'clock every morning, and does other back-bending chores besides, for 50 cents a day, is feeling the ichor of prosperity tingling in her

"Understand, I'm not bounding out into the open and making the howl that Prosperity, with a capital P, isn't abounding and abiding with us just now. But when any tack-head tries to talk it into me that our prosperity is certainly indicated by the way the bunch at Saratoga are staying up nights and playing red-and-black and other things in general, and hurling mag-nums of the Gallic hiss-juice into their systems, they don't get by with it, that's all; and that which I have just spoken unto you is no paprika persifiage on the portico, Percy, either."

### Ivory.

From the Chicago News.

Ivory is, strictly speaking, obtained only from the tusks of the eelphant, the finest of which come from the east coast of Africa. This hard, heavy, fine-grained green or guinea ivory is esteemed for its transparency, and because its light yellow or pale blood tint, unlike the whiteness of other kinds which becomes yellow, bleaches with age. The different species of African elephant supply almost all the ivory used in Europe. Its quantity is enormous. The British importation in 1900 was 1,175,000 pounds, which represent 60,000 tusks. One London firm sells 10,000 tusks yearly in billiard balls. Under so heavy a drain the supply must fail, but to fall back upon the remarkable deposits of mammoth tusks which have accumulated on the rivers dis-

charging into the Arctic ocean. Since man began to express himself in art he has made use of ivory. Here, how-ever, the term has a wider application. It covers the teeth of the hippopotamus, the long tusks of the walrus, and even the single tooth of the narwhale. Under the de-scription of ivories come carving in pol-ished stag's horn and in bone. The most remarkable of prehistoric ivories is the repesetnation of a head and shoulder of an ibex carved in reindeer horn, which is done with so much science and observation, though the work of a cave-dweller of Dordogne, that naturalists are able to assign it to the ibex of the Alps rather than that

### Did This Cat Reason?

From the London News Cats do not think-no animal does, says Mr. Burroughs. But how about the Laconia cat that found it difficult to catch the abundant English sparrow in his New Hampshire village and evolved the scheme of planting himself with his back to the street where the sparrows congregated and watching them in the reflection of a plate glass window? He has played this game for a long time-not being deceived by the window, but when a sparrow gets within jumping distance, then the cat leaps and gets his victim. And is not this reasoning?

### A Hard One.

From the Philadelphia Press. "My proudest boast," said the lecturer who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns."
"How many miles behind?" piped a voice

Mrs. Waldo (of Boston)—"I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants me to spend the summer on his Penelope (dubiously)-"Is there any soclety in the neighborhood?"

Mrs. Waldo—"I've heard him speak of the Holsteins and Guernseys. I presume

"Factionalism prevails among the mem bers of nearly all of the major league bal clubs," remarked a man who knows good deal of base ball politics. "It is rare that the players of a big club are not divided into camps or groups. And in some of these groups all sorts of knocking goes on continually. Sometimes the factions are evenly divided, and when this is the case the dove of peace doesn't perch very securely over the fortunes of a team. The team divided against itself is in a state of sneering warfare all the time, and the 'fancy cracks' fly as thick as hailstones in Cansas when two opposing aerial current meet and clash. Team-work is destroyed no matter how clever the majority of the players may be individually, and the fans an't figure out what the trouble is, not

knowing the inside politics of the club.
"As a general thing, however, the ma ority of the members of a team are firmly welded together against one or two mem bers of the club. Jealousy is usually at the bottom of these coalitions. Base ball players as a class are more jealous than grand opera singers. The young players, those who have only recently butted into the big leagues from the minors, often become sore on their new companions under the big tent who attempt to give them pointers. It might naturally be supposed that the young fellow just taken out of the ranks of the minor leagues would be tractable, willing to learn more of the game, even eager for instruction; but this is rarely the case.

The average young player, brought into a big club from a minor league, does not keep his perkiness long under cover, nor does it take him long to gravitate to the camp of the kicking faction that is nearly always organized among the younger players against the old-timers of a team. These young fellows do not usually figure that the old-timers can teach them anything about the game of ball. They frequently advert to the seasoned players, who have been in the game for many years, as back numbers. They often claim to know as much, if not more, about the game of ball than the old-time players, and they sometimes balk at any kind of instruction or coaching from the veterans. They even resent, inwardly at any rate—and wordly when they get with their group of kickers—instructions passed out to them by team captains or bench managers.

"Often the little factional groups into which teams split up will get together for the deliberate purpose of downing one man attached to the team. It is generally im possible for an outsider, no matter how closely he may be associated with a team, to ascertain just why all hands have it in for this one man; but jealousy is almost invariably at the root of it.

"The rank and file of a club's players don't like the team's stars, and they are often in a state of secret, and sometimes open, revolt against them. Few star pitchers get on well with their team mates. The latter are prolific with their sneers direct ed at the crack flinger. They are jealous of the big money he draws down and of the secret bonus that they are sure awaits him if he makes good up to a certain point, and they secretly enjoy his discomfiture on the inevitable day when he is batted out of the

"I am speaking, you understand, in general sort of way, and not of any par-ticular club. The pitchers attached to some of the big teams are mighty jealous of and sore on each other, no matter how they may strive to keep up an appearance of friendship. One team that has a pitching staff of six men is notable for this kind of soreness between the twirlers in that hree of the pitchers live in a state of open dislike of the other three. division in numbers, but not in ability. The three 'under dogs' whose work is in no wise comparable with that of the other three gird at the latter whenever they get a chance, and unhesitatingly profess that they don't get the support in their games that the three top-tossers of the team get when they are on the mound. This claim on the part of the three 'under dog' pitchers has made their supporting team mates sore, so that there is a sort of all-handsaround clashing of cliques in that club

pretty nigh all the time.

"The players are not often fond of the utility men, especially when the latter are od all-around players, capable of jumping into almost any position at a moment's notice. The regular players look upon the utility men as fellows who are have some accident happen to the regular players that will give the utility men their chance to go on and make good enough to nail regular playing billets.

"Upon one point all of the factions of certain clubs unite, and that point is in a furtive but thoroughly well-sustained opposition to a bench manager.

"The day of the bench manager is rapidly passing. Ball players don't like a bench manager from any point of view, and those among them who are stars of such magni-tude as to be able to express themselves with impunity make no bones of giving utterance to the dislike which they fee toward the man who directs the opera-tions on the diamond in his street clothes. "The players have several reasons for their dislike of the bench manager. They claim that, in the first place, a man has got to be actually in the game to know what is going to be the best thing to do in certain situations, and they say that no matter how much a bench manager may know about the game, his view of things is bound to be warped and out of line when he is watching the situation from the

bench. "Then they claim that the bench manager is provided with too much power, and that his position is such that he may do unfair things in the handling of the players without their having any chance to get back at him, as they would have in the case of a team captain. Pitchers particularly resent having the bench manager instruct them how to pitch to certain batsmen. Not one pitcher in five really pays the slightest attention to such instructions, but they don't like to have to receive such instructions at

"It seems to be the accepted fact that bench managers are far more officious in their manner of instructing players during the progress of games than team captains, it is gradually coming to be seen by base ball leaders that the less ball players are instructed during the progress of games

the better they will play.
"One of the secrets of the success of
Napoleon Lajoie, the sorely-missed captain
of the Cleveland club, has been his complete willingness to allow his players to do what willingness to allow his players to do what they want to do in a game in their own way. When Lajole first took the captaincy of the Cleveland club several of the Cleveland players, willing to give such a big chief of the game all that was coming to him as one of the greatest luminaries of the diamond, asked him what they should do at certain stages of the early same. do at certain stages of the early games. "'Don't ask me anything about it.' was Lajoie's invariable reply. 'You fellows know how to play ball, or you wouldn't be here. You go up there and do the thing here. You go up there and do the thing that strikes you ought to be done, and I'll stand for it, whether you get by with it or not. You're not kids in the game, but ball players, and I don't want you fellows to be chucking questions at me all the time.'
"That kind of talk put the Cleveland players on their mettle and on parole, so to meak, and the results of the system were byious when Larry was in the game,

"Cliquelsm in the ball clubs is largely due to the fact that the players have so much time on their hands. At the outside, ball players on the road work three hours a day including the time they spend riding to and from the grounds and granning up and and from the grounds and warming up, and the rest of their time is on their hands. They sit around the hotels, most of them a bit nervous and grouchy from excessive traveling, and, from knocking, they fall into combinations and coalitions, and thus the trouble is all started in their hours of leisure. They are like men on shipboard on long cruises, constantly together, and constantly within sight and hearing of each other's little frailties and weaknesses. And water know how quickly any given bunch of sea-voyaging men will break up into little mallet-wielding coteries and cliques."

### Tallest Telephone Pole.

Aberdeen Correspondent Senttle Post-Intelligencer Manager H. E. Bailey of the Sunset Tele phone Company's offices in this city says that he has the largest wood telephone pole if not the largest pole of any kind, in the world, in his territory, which includes the Gray's Harbor country. The pole was cut

from a tree nearly 200 feet tall and is 116 feet in height.

The telephone pole in Bailey's district is as straight as an arrow and is located on the south side of the Chehalis river, about a mile east of Aberdeen. The object in having the pole so high is so that the wire will not be caught by passing ships as it crosses the harbor to the north side and rises above a hill covered with pretty goodsized trees on the east bank of the Chewas everything and table decorations and they are pleasant people."—Boston Christian sixed trees on the east bank of the Chearchestra sething, have people away.

Register.

# PROVED A BOOMERANG BETTING NO INDICATOR BASE BALL FACTIONS ATLANTIC CITY TALES

Guess Visitors' Home Cities.

A PRANK OF NEPTUNE

STORY OF THE GIRL IN THE GREEN BATHING SUIT.

Vaudeville Actress Does a Turn With a Masher-Tale of the Erstwhile Haughty Governess.

People who visit Atlantic City for the first time are struck with the remarkable memories of the boardwalk newsboys. The lads cry the names of papers published in every large city in the United States, and such is the cosmopolitan character of the Atlantic City crowds on the boardwalk that the boys rarely get "stuck wit' deir papes."

The cry of an Atlantic City boardwalk newsboy is a good deal like the sing-song of a railroad station announcer calling off the points at which an accommodation train is to stop. The boardwalk newsboy's advertisement of his printed wares, emitted in a droning, high-pitched voice, runs something like this: "Here y'are! All th' Noo Yawk, Phil-del-

phy, Bal'more, Wash'n'n, Pittsbu'g, Harrisbu'g, Wilm'ngt'n, Hartford, Bosting, Chicago, Richmon', 'Tianta, New Or-leenz, Buff'lo, Dee-troit, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Om'ha, San Francisco papes! Just in! Red hot! Here y'are! Par from ev'ry old place! Come an' git 'em! By some curious process of ratiocination

known only to themselves, the boardwalk ewsboys appear to be able to tell what city a boardwalk parader is from by his xterior. The boys range from fifteen to twenty years of age, and most of them have been selling papers on the boardwalk for several years. The passing man who strikes the newsboy as a New Yorker gets a New York paper shoved under his nose. The man with the general appearance that appears to spell Philadelphia to the news boy has a Philadelphia paper presented to him, and so on. And the lads, rarely make

Not long ago a boardwalk newshor walked up to a departmental official from Washington, who was making his first visit to Atlantic City, and shoved a couple of papers in front of him.
"Washington papes, sir?" inquired the youngster.

The departmental official looked surprised.
"How did you know I was from Washington, son?" he asked the kid.
"Oh, I jes' knowed it, sir," was the youngster's only explanation, as he made change.

A Washingtonian has A Washingtonian who was in Atlantic five years ago for a couple of weeks used to buy The Star every evening from a runt of a fifteen-year-old newsboy on the Boardwalk, The Star reaching Atlantic City a little after 9 o'clock p.m. The Wash ingtonian arrived in Atlantic City a couple

visit of five years ago. On the night of his

arrival he started for a stroll on the Board-

walk before turning in-it was after 10

o'clock. He hadn't made more than a block of the big plank parade before he heard a half-familiar, husky voice behind "Wash'n'n Star, as usual, this evenin' sir? The Washingtonian wheeled about, an

# there was his newsboys of five years be-fcre, no longer a runt, but a strapping youth badly in need of a shave. The Girl in the Green Suit.

Neptune is far from being a modest boy. He has little or no respect for the sex, nor for the conventionalities to which the members of the sex cling. That was clearly shown at the Atlantic City bath-

ing hour one morning not long ago.

A tall, long-striding, generously-fleshed girl, with bronze hair hanging loose and reaching below her walst, went into the surf with a couple of girl companions. Her bathing costume was a fetching, snug-fitting thing of hunter's green mohair green silk handkerchief to match jauntily knotted about her top hair. Her stockings were of green silk, and her white canvas sandals were held on by cross rib-bons of white slik, with bows of the same

close to the knees.

As the stunning young woman stepped gracefully toward the verge, with her arms about the waists of her two companions, she was easily the swellest girl, rigged for bathing, on the beach. Her companions were timid, and did not venture into the water above the bottoms of their skirts. The girl in green left them and strode out to where the water was above her water. to where the water was above her waist It was apparent that she was used to the surf, and a swimmer. When she got into comparatively deep water, however, she made the mistake of turning her back to the breakers to address good-natured jeers to the two girls who stuck to the shallows She was doing this, and derisively beckon-ing to them to join her, when an immense comber, rising glassily about ten feet behind her, broke upon her back and turned her over and over like a cork.

The life guard in the boat got busy as

soon as he heard her first coming-to-the-surface scream. He rose up and tossed a big red life buoy at her. She made no ef-fort to grab the buoy, although it hit the water within arm's length of her, but continued to emit little shricks, while bent over as if something were clutching her in the water. The life guard grabbed his oars and rowed over to her.

"Just keep your feet as long as you can and please don't faint, lady," he called out to her as he pulled at the oars. "I'll have you in the boat in a twinkling." The girl ceased her cries to look up. She gazed at the life guard resentfully as he continued to approach her. When he was within ten feet of her and was preparing

out to him: "Gd away, please, instantly! I don't want you to come another foot nearer me-The amazed life guard stood up in his boat and gazed. Then his eye caught sight of some green things floating over the tops of the combers on the outgoing tide. The life guard grinned, reached over the side of the boat, picked up the life buoy, sat down at his oars and pulled back to his

o reach over the gun'l for her she

station beyond the breaker line.

something was wrong with the green-clad girl as to the nature of which it was none of the life guard's or any other male crea-ture's business, waded out to her. They formed a close cordon around her. After Boardwalk Newsboys Able to the briefest possible consultation, one of the women ran out of the water and across the beach to one of the public bath houses back of the boardwalk. A couple of minutes later she returned to where the close cordon was formed around the green-diked girl, carrying some things over her arm. Then five more women waded out to the green-clad young woman to make the cor-don still closer. The combers broke over them, but they didn't appear to mind. After about five minutes the cordon broke in two, and the young woman who had been the occasion of its formation walked gin-gerly out of the water. When she emerged, decidedly sheepish-looking, upon the beach and started to race

for the bathing pavilion she was no longer an all-green girl. One of her stockings was black, and the sandal and cross rib-bons were absent from that black-swathed extremity. Her green skirt was very short and nobody could help but observe that other portions of her attire, which had been green when she entered the surf, were now black, too.

When the grinning life guard pulled in, a

while later, to allow his relief to take his place, he had a neatly-wrapped green bundle under his arm. He found the blushing owner of the salvage and restored I

Neptune, always counted a sardonic old sinner by the women folks, was for the remainder of that bathing morning viewed with particular suspicion by those members of the sex who use hooks and eyes to make

#### certain of their bathing garments fast A Sunset Symphony.

On another bathing morning, not long ager, an incident that attracted a great deal of attention of the Atlantic City sand fying exploit of a woman in red.

She was about the reddest animate creature, as to her costume, seen on the Jersey coast this year. Her dress was a beautifully contrived but blinding confection of red silk mull. With that went a red pole hat. Her high-heeled low-cut shoes were of red leather, and her stockings were of red slik. Her sunshade was of a hue to match the rest of the make-up. The dazzling redness to her raiment was in striking contrast to the extreme blackness of her hair. She was a tall, rounded, splendidly

fashioned woman of thirty or so. She stood quite alone on the dry sand near the awning-covered lolling chairs watching the bathers. It is not trite to say of her that she was literally the cynosure of all eyes. Men of the ogling tribe, both those in morning clothes and bathing togs, passed near her with impudent leers. but she paid no attention to any of them. Her gaze was riveted upon the antics of the people in the surf, and she had no eyes for anybody on the beach. After she had thus stood for about a

quarter of an hour, however, a whiffet of a male person with a monocle, decked out in the extreme fashion of morning clothes, moved over to her and began to bestow impertinent grimaces upon her and to view her through his single glass with smirks that increased in what he imagined to be their deadly effect the nearer he edged toward her. But the woman in red didn't appear to be conscious that the little ogling noody-naddy was alive. Per-ceiving this, he decided to take a further chance. He sidled and shuffled until he chance. He sidled and shuffled until he was within about ten feet of her. Then he gazed out toward the sea and said aloud, with the feigned ecstacy of the confirmed masher:

"Ah, a sunset symphony! She heard, and turned a most dazzling smile upon the masher. With an expres-sion of triumphant elation he minced up to her side with an elaborate salutation of the hat. When he had got right alongside her

when he had got light an around she suddenly dropped her red silk parasol upon the sand, and quickly reaching out, caught the whiffet of a man around the middle. He squirmed and sputtered, but the arms of the woman in red were long and splendidly muscled. "A sunset symphony, you say?" she remarked, with all of the vocal calmness in the world. "Well, we'll see how you look

as part of the seascape, you impudent lit-tle whelp!"
Saying which, she lifted him from his feet as if he had been a small boy in bathing dress and, reluctant to go into the chilly water, carried him out to where the receding tide had left

water in a hole, and dropped him into the tepid puddle on his back.

He splashed around in the puddle like a stranded sea-skate for half a minute until he had found his feet. Then he scrambled out, picked his hat from the surface of the rolled pool and raced across the beach as fast as his short legs could carry him, while the sand-lolling bathers and strand paraders cheered the woman in red to the echo. She picked up her parasol and strode away unconcernedly with a sort of The woman in red was a vaudeville actress who has frequently been seen at a local

#### vaudeville theater. The Erstwhile Governess.

There are few better vantage points whence to observe the queer turns of the wheel of fortune than Atlantic City. At one of the solidest and sedatest hotels of the resort a pretty widow of thirty-five or so, now well out of mourning, was recently occupying a suite comprising virtually the entire floor space of one of the L's. She was attended by three maids, a secretary, a private baggageman, and she had some forty trunks. Her two automobiles, a victoria and a trap, with five or six horses, arrived shortly after she did.

Just five years ago this same pretty wom-an was staying at the same Atlantic City hotel in the capacity of governess for the children of the Cincinnati millionaire whom she afterward married. The mother of the children, an invalid, was at the Atlantic City hotel at the same time. Before her death, a year or so later, according to the current story, she told her husband that she thought it would be a good thing for him to marry the governess. After a proper season of mourning the Cincinnati millionaire followed the advice,

being violently opposed, however, by his upgrowing children and other members of his family. When he himself died, a year after his marriage to the governess, children fought the widow in the courts for the estate. She won a complete triumpn over them last year. Many of the servants of the sedale and solid hotel who were there at the time the

governess had her little aerie room on the top floor of the hostelry, only five years ago, are still there. But the widow, as animated as she is clever, didn't appear to mind their presence in the least. On the contrary, she bestowed extremely large tips upon them, and arranged to take several of them into her employ when she reopened her western home in the autumn.

There is a whole brigade of governesse

scattered about among the Atlantic City hotels, and it was diverting to study their awed, half-speculative, wistful expressions of countenance when the ex-governess made Half a dozen women who knew how to her regal appearances on the Atlantic City swim experiencing a feminine hunch that driveways or upon the boardwalk.



ON THE BIALTO. Manager-"Yes, sir; Miss Acta Lott is a rich woman."